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A poetical essay

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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND

A POETICAL ESSAY, ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

3 parts together.

PART I.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS, OF ETON,
LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Πιςεῦσαι γὰρ δεῖ τὸν προσερχόμενον τῷ Θεῷ, ὅτι ἘΣΤΙ.

LONDON,
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M.DCC.LXXI.

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TO

THE REVEREND

EDWARD BARNARD, D. D.

CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY,

PROVOST OF ETON-COLLEGE,

AND

CANON OF WINDSOR,

THIS POETICAL ESSAY,

ON THE

EXISTENCE OF GOD,

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

870483

ARGUMENT

OF THE FIRST PART.

*General invocation—First Proof of the Exiſtence of God, drawn from the Creation of the World—The Ariſtotelian ſyſtem of the World's Eternity, an objection to that proof—That ſyſtem ſtated—and refuted—*1ſt, *From the lateneſs of Hiſtory, Arts, Sciences,* &c.—2dly, *From the imperfect ſtate of Geography—*3dly, *From the alteration and corruption of things.—Second Proof of God's Exiſtence drawn from the impoſſibility of any thing making itſelf—which introduces the Epicurean ſyſtem—Epicurus's objections to the Wiſdom of God in the Creation ſtated—and refuted.—Third Proof of the Exiſtence of God drawn from the force of Conſcience—An Apoſtrophe to Conſcience—Fourth Proof of the Exiſtence of a God drawn from univerſal Conſent—inſtanced in Pagans—Mahometans—Chriſtians——A Prayer for the Univerſality of the Chriſtian Religion:*

PART

PART I*.

ON THE

EXISTENCE

OF

GOD.

O Thou, who ſhrined in beams of pureſt light,
Encircled by the bright Angelic hoſt,
Thy Miniſters, ſurvey'ſt whatever is
In earth, in higheſt heaven, Thee I approach
With awful rev'rence trembling: toward thy ſeat
I ſtretch my dazzled eye, if chance a ray
Shall dart from thence acroſs my mortal Spirit,

* It was not the intention of the Author, either in this or the two following Parts, (one of which is on the Attributes, the other on the Providence, of God,) to introduce all the arguments, which have ſo frequently and forcibly been made uſe of on theſe ſubjects; but only to ſelect thoſe which ſeemed moſt adapted to a work of this nature.

And

*And touch my lips with fire. Then ſhall the Muſe
Diſdain all humbler themes; and ſoaring far
Above the vapours of this earthly ſphere,
Baſk in the fields of Heaven's ſereneſt air,
Where † Seas of cryſtal gird the ſapphir throne.
Sceptic, if never yet thine eye ſurvey'd
Yon bright empyreal; if thy mind ne'er rov'd
O'er Æther's ſpacious plains; look up, and tell
From what exhauſtleſs ſtream the Lord of Day
Drinks never-waſting fire; what hidden power
Wheels the bright planets round their central orb?
Who bids the ſilent moon with ſober pace
Steal o'er the cloudleſs azure; and with ſtars
Spangles the vault of night? Who told the clouds
To drop rich moiſture on the thirſty ſoil?
Who ſhap'd the lightning's nimble wing, and rais'd
The thunder's awful voice?—At thy command,

* Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand ——and he laid it upon my mouth, and ſaid, This hath touched thy lips —— Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

† And before the throne there was a ſea of glaſs, like unto cryſtal. Rev. iv. 6.

Great

Great Architect, at thy creative word,
Up from the vaſt and ſhapeleſs chaos roſe
Harmonious Order. Thee, Thee, mighty Lord,
Even to the center of the formleſs void
Confuſion heard; and, with her thouſand tongues,
'At thy ſtrong Bidding,' Diſcord ſunk to reſt.
'Twas then, then firſt, from Night's ungenial womb,
With all her hills, her vales, and ſounding floods,
This goodly planet ſprung: then firſt the earth
Smiled with delicious verdure; fruit and flower
Scatter'd freſh odours thro' the fragrant air;
The vaſt deep roar'd; and on the mountain's brow
The waving foreſt rear'd his ſtately head.
Or ſhall we rather ſay, this antient globe,
An emanation, which the Eternal Mind
By Fate, not Freedom, from his eſſence ſhed,
With Him coæval, and with Him to endure,
Runs on a ceaſeleſs round?——Such was the tale,
That in Lycéum, by the hallow'd grove
Of Academe, the ſubtle Stagyrite

Told his admiring tribe ; and drew their minds
From the Firſt Good, Firſt Perfect, and Firſt Fair,
To idle dreams of vain philoſophy.
Dreams, which nor haunted on Hydaſpes' bank
The frantic Brachman; nor Phœnicia's ſeers
Vers'd in high pedigree, and antient lore ;
Nor Memphis, tho' the wonder-working Prieſt
In myſtic ſymbols 'grav'd on many a ſtone
Her fabulous annals. Let proud Pekin's ſons
Trace her dark records thro' a thouſand kings;
But ſhall that haughty empire date her birth
Ere Time his courſe began?—Go, aſk of Earth,
Have thy ſteep hills *for ever* pierc'd the ſkies?
Aſk of the Deep, if ſince his howling waves
Daſh'd the rough rock, *eternal* years have roll'd?
Enquire, if *Everlaſting* be his name?
‡ Where, if this globe's *eternal*, where are all
Her Kings, her Patriots? Where, alas! are all
Her antient monuments of arts, and arms,

‡ Lucretius, Lib. v.

And

And tales of bleeding heroes? Shall we ſay,
Till Nimrod led his mighty bands to war,
That never Chief had hurl'd the pointed lance,
Or drove the winged car? Did never Bard,
Till Amram's ſon pour'd forth his raptur'd ſtrains,
Record paſt actions of the brave, and wiſe?
Why uneſſay'd the deep, till from her ſhores
Aſtoniſh'd Greece ſaw daring Cadmus ſpread
His ſwelling ſails, and o'er the Tyrian main
Bring peace and ſcience to her ſavage ſons?
Why did no ſage explain, how the white ray,
Refracted by dioptric glaſs, diſplays
Hues indiſtinct before, till Newton came,
Pride of Britannia's iſle? Why thro' the veins
Circled the blood unknown, ere Hervey roſe?
Hark, how the heroes of imperial Rome
Boaſt their wide empire's univerſal ſway!
To diſtant climes her conquering eagles flew,
To Calpe's hills, to Thule's utmoſt ſhore,
And where proud Ganges rolls his golden ſands.

Vain pride! in evil hour too ſoon ſhe found
What mighty multitudes, who ne'er had felt
Her galling chain, were hid in regions dark
Of ice and froſt; till from their barren caves
The populous North poured all her warriors forth
From Weſer, and from Elbe, to Anio's bank,
And Tiber's frighted ſtream?—Have we forgot,
How, ſtrange to tell, the wondering mariner,
Far in the boſom of the Weſtern deep
Found worlds unknown before; and from the top
Of Andes, ſaw the Amazonian ſtream
Swoln by the tribute of expanded lakes,
Rivers, and cataracts, o'er foreſts wild
Direct his floods, and in his rapid courſe
Viſit a thouſand tribes?—And ſhall we call
That world *eternal*, whoſe undaunted ſons
Ne'er circled half her orb? or can we deem
That *everlaſting* ages could have roll'd,
Ere ſome uncheck'd adventurer had defied
The Heſperian foam, and to his hardy crew

Shewn

Shewn the rich tribute of Potoſi's mines ?—
Even yet much reſts unknown. The day will come,
When ſome ſad ſhip ſhall roam the Southern main,
With ſails, and enſigns torn ; and in the wide
Expanſe of roaring waters, far beyond
Where the Sun turns to viſit Northern climes,
Braced by the Antarctic circle ſhall deſcry
Some mighty continent. The ambitious Thrones
Of diſtant Europe 'croſs the line ſhall ſend
Their thronging colonies, and diſturb the reſt
Of peaceful nations. Thee, Iberia, thee,
And thy falſe faith, ſome dying Motezume
Again ſhall curſe, and, with his life, reſign
His wreſted ſceptre to a ſtranger's hand.
Beſides, that ne'er *eternal* may be named,
Which accident can alter, time corrupt,
Or force deſtroy.—Behold what rocks ariſe,
Mountains and hills, that caſt their evening ſhade
Far o'er the plain beneath: why has not time
Bent their proud ſummits to the humble vale?

Why have not ſtorms, and winds, and driving hail
Moulder'd their ſtrength? why has no earthquake torn
Their yawning cliffs; or ſubterranean fire
Hurl'd their ſcorch'd entrails to the hiſſing deep,
And continents remote? With all his ſnows
Stands Teneriff; and Athos yet o'erhangs
The Ægean, ſtudded thick with ſhining iſles,
Cyclad and Sporad. If thoſe lofty hills
Knew no beginning, tho' ten thouſand years
But one ſmall grain impair'd, their names, their place,
Had long been loſt; beneath the inſatiate waves
Each atom waſh'd away; *like that fam'd iſle
Fancied of antient fabuliſts, that with all
Her tower-crown'd cities, palaces, and ſanes,
Sunk in the boſom of the Atlantic deep.

Whatever is, hear Reaſon's voice, was made,
Or increate. If increate, 'tis God;
If made, by whom? Or was itſelf at once
Maker, and work, productive, and produced?
Vain ſophiſtry! to ſome firſt plaſtic cauſe

* See Plato.

Trace

Trace then its birth, and that firſt cauſe, is God.
For ſay, could matter by inſtinctive force
Start into ſenſe, and motion? Haſt thou ſeen
The cold dead clod ſtart into warmth, and life?
Say, did old Ocean with capacious hand
Scoop the deep channel for his humid train?
Did the tall mountain, with unborrow'd force
Lift his aſpiring head? or the pale moon
By unimparted, and eſſential power,
Mould her bright ſphere, and point her ſilver ſhafts?
Did the free Atoms, in ſage council met,
Debate where each ſhould move? or did they float
Thro' tracts of endleſs ſpace, 'till Chance contrived
This Order, 'till from univerſal ſtrife
This univerſal harmony began?
Who, that on ſome deſerted coaſt beheld
A ſtately pile with antique frieze adorn'd,
Ionic, or Corinthian, who would ſay
That ſtorms had torn it from the mountain's ſide
With all its towers; or think the boiſterous wind

Haply

Haply had fix'd it on its ſolid baſe?
Who, but would rather deem that painful art,
Tho' now a ſtranger to this ſilent ſhore,
Had poliſh'd every column, every dome,
The moulded architrave, and fretted roof?
But who is He, that round yon garden bends
His feeble ſteps, and with preſumptuous tongue
Arraigns Jehova's works? — I know him now;
The Sage of Pleaſure: with the ſons of Greece
I mix, and liſten to his impious tale.

* 'Think not a hand divine could form that globe,
'Where ſcarce a trace of Wiſdom may be ſeen,
'Of Goodneſs, or of Power. For part the ſun
'With direct rays, and fire intenſe, denies
'To human uſe; or dark Cimmerian froſt
'Has hid from mortal habitant: and part
'Vaſt lakes, huge rocks, rough thorns, and barren ſands
'O'erſpread; 'till man with patient care reform
'The ſtubborn earth, and tame the ungenial ſoil.

* See Lucretius, B. 5.

'Yet then, even then, when all his hopes are high,
'When ripening fruits expect the reaper's ſcythe,
'Oft he bewails the ſcorching heat; or weeps
'To ſee the ſummer's angry ſtorm deſcend,
'And years of labour in a moment loſt.
'What mean thoſe miniſters of vengeance; Gout;
'And racking Stone, and Fever's raging fire?
'Why ſhakes the South contagion from his wings;
'While Death, grim tyrant, with unerring hand
'Directs his dart unſeen? — On the bare ground,
'Like the poor ſhipwreck'd mariner, whom ſtorms
'Have caſt on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore,
'The new-born infant lies; thro' many a year,
'Helpleſs and weak, he wails his bitter lot,
'And each ſad hour beholds his artleſs tear.
'Not ſo the tenant of the field: he quits
'His parent's ſide, and wantons o'er the lawn
'Rejoicing: Earth for him ſpontaneous ſpreads
'Ambroſial banquets; and for him the brook
'Winds thro' ſequeſter'd vales his amber ſtream.'

Fool,

Fool, waſt thou preſent, when the Almighty ſunk
Earth's deep foundations, and to Ocean ſaid,
'Here thy proud Waves be ſtaid;' when firſt the Stars
Chaunted their matin ſong, and Angels cried
'Hoſanna to the Higheſt?'—Thou waſt not there;
But WISDOM was.—Ere yet the earth was made,
Ere yet the mountains were brought forth, or ere
The day-ſpring knew his place, at God's right hand
She ſat, his chief delight. She ſat, and ſaw
His ſpirit moving o'er the watry deep;
Saw genial light, obedient to his call,
Spring from the womb of darkneſs; ſhe beheld
The ground yield graſs and herb, yield fruit and flower,
And Man, imperial Man, the Lord of All,
Riſe from the duſt. She ſaw that all was good,
And with her voice divine ſtamp'd every work.

Think'ſt thou the zone, that girds the torrid ſoil,
Untrod by human ſtep? The Pilot, born
Far from the Sun's mæandring path, defies
The burning equinoctial: to the woods

Of

Of hot Bornéo, to Guiana's ſhore,
He ſteers his prow undaunted. Oft within
The frozen circle of the Arctic pole,
He moors his veſſel on ſome Northern iſle,
Greenland, or Zembla. There the frigid tribes
O'er their bleak mountains roam; nor wiſh to change
Their darkling twilight, and ungenial froſt,
For brighter ſunſhine, or for milder ſkies.

What tho' with thorns and ſand the earth be ſpread?
Say, would'ſt thou baniſh painful induſtry?
Say, would'ſt thou wiſh, with folded hands ſupine,
Like thine own Gods to ſit, and doſe away
A life of ſenſeleſs eaſe?—What tho' the ſtorm
Oft blaſts the planter's hope? drives not that ſtorm
From the purg'd air the putrid Peſtilence,
Stalking thro' noon-day's heat? What tho' diſeaſe
Infect the feeble frame? yet hence ariſe
Cool thought, repentance, hence contempt of life,
And eager hope, that ſprings beyond the grave.

Is Death an evil? Tell me, would'ſt thou drag

A lingering dotage of eternal pain,
And, thro' ſucceſſive generations, ſhake
Thy hoary hairs, unhonour'd?—Would'ſt thou wiſh
To fall, ere Reaſon be matur'd by time;
Ere each fair object, that around thee ſhines,
Strike thy rapt ſoul with wonder?—Think not then
That Man can ripen, as the beaſt, that ſoon
Arrives at perfect growth, and ſoon decays;
Nor judge from *Parts* unknown, this wond'rous *Whole*.
Thus Heaven, and Earth, declare their Maker's praiſe:
Nor that alone; but in the human breaſt
A faithful monitor the Almighty placed,
A witneſs of Himſelf.
Come then, the ſcene
Of frantic mirth is o'er: the ſocial bowl,
The midnight frolic, and the ſcornful jeſt,
Are gone; thy youth is paſt, thy ſtrength decay'd,
And all the partners of thy wanton hours
Are ſunk in ſhame, and ſorrow, to the grave.
Come, tell me, did a ſelf-convicted ſoul

Ne'er

Ne'er check thy guilty joys? Did that bleſt Spirit
That wakes each hope, that ſcatters every fear,
And o'er the ſinner's penitent mind diſtils
His precious balm, ne'er interrupt thy peace,
'Mid the rude ſallies of unholy mirth,
And impure paſſion; when the ſtill ſmall voice
Of Conſcience, made the hour of ſolitude
To thee more hideous, than the ſilent watch
Of midnight to the ſleepleſs eye of pain,
Or pining care?—O Conſcience, heavenly guide,
Thou, 'mid the ſtorms, and tempeſts of the world,
'Mid the rude blaſts of chilling penury,
In tears of woe, in death's alarming hour,
Spread'ſt round the good man's couch thy ſhelt'ring wing,
And all is peace: But Oh! how ſharp the pang,
When in the ſinner's unrelenting heart
Thou pierceſt deep, and driv'ſt the guilty wretch
Far from the confines of tumultuous joy
To ſcenes of melancholy, and black deſpair!
But whence theſe boding doubts? Why ſhrinks the ſoul

From future ill? If no ſuperior Power
Claims homage, why do fancied evils ſcare
The heart of Wiſdom, that to crafty tales
Ne'er yielded tame ſubmiſſion?—Mighty Lord,
'Tis Thou, that in the ſinner's breaſt doſt move
With kindlieſt influence; 'tis thy tender rod
That *heals his ſoul with medicinal wounds:
The voice of Conſcience is the voice of God.

Thee, univerſal King‡, thy peopled earth,
Thro' every nation, every tribe, adores.
And tho' rude Ignorance, with ſavage rites,
And uncouth geſtures, howls her hymn of praiſe;
Tho' ſenſeleſs Idols, or created Lights
Of Heaven uſurp thine homage; yet to Thee
Their voice is rais'd; to Thee their incenſe ſmokes;
To Thee in grove and vale their temples riſe.

* And with his ſtripes we are healed. ISAIAH liii. 5.

‡ Nulla gens uſquam eſt, adeo contra leges moreſque projecta, ut non aliquos Deos credat.

With

With feathery crown, and flaming gems adorn'd,
The gaudy Mexican from cups of gold
Pours out the captive Warrior's reeking blood
At Vitzipultzi's ſhrine; while, with loud ſhouts,
In myſtic maze the Virgins of the Sun
Dance round the bleeding victim. Near the banks
Of Zaara, whence the Merchant, dreadful trade!
Comes fraught with ſlavery to Caribbean iſles,
The tawny African o'er Ocean's ſtream
Spreads forth his arms; on bended knee implores
The howling *winds*; and begs the *ſtorm* to drive
The cruel Chriſtian far from Congo's coaſt.
Where Eſperanza to the Indian main
Extends its rocks, the filthy native bows
With humbleſt reverence to the *Moon*: From her
He aſks ripe fruits, and fertile ſeaſons mild;
And ever as ſhe ſwells the impetuous tide,
With antic dances, and rude carol, greets
Her riſing beams. On rich Golconda's walls

Ten tedious nights, and ten long ſleepleſs days,
The ſelf-tormented Bramin ſits: if FO
Well-pleas'd behold his pain, it recks not him
That torn with hooks of ſteel his mangled fleſh
Pours ſtreams of blood, or from his burning head
With livid light the ſpiral flames aſcend.

See, where the turban'd Caliph o'er the fields
Of fertile Syria ſpreads wide-waſting war,
And famine: nor can groves of ravag'd palm,
Olives and figs, nor deſolated vines
That crown'd the brink of Pharphar, lucid ſtream!
Nor widow's piercing ſhriek, nor orphan's tear,
Melt his obdurate ſoul: for not the luſt
Of frantic power, or empire unconfin'd,
But raging zeal, and hope of future bliſs,
Arm him with tenfold fury. On he goes
Till vanquiſh'd millions glut his righteous rage;
Then pours to Mahomet a fervent prayer,
While Victory waſhes from her ſavage hands

The blood of ſlaughter'd hoſts.

Theſe, mighty Lord,

Theſe all thy *Being*, and thy *Power* adore,
Thy *Name* unknown. Not ſo in thoſe bleſt climes,
Where thy dear Son has rear'd his Croſs. For us
He left the regions of eternal Day;
While all the hoſt of Angels carol'd round
'Glory to God on high.' From Eaſt to Weſt,
Swift as a Sun-beam darts, the tidings flew
Of peace, and glad ſalvation. Mighty Kings
In vain conſpir'd to check its rapid courſe,
And Perſecution drew her flaming ſword:
Thy word, great God, prevail'd.—O may it ſoon
O'er unenlighten'd realms its beams diffuſe!
Then, to his long-lamented home reſtor'd,
The wand'ring Hebrew ſhall rebuild the walls
Of ſacred Salem, and on Calvary's top
Adore his ſuffering Lord. The feaſt of Love,
The banquet of remembrance dear, ſhall riſe

In

In wild Savanna's, and 'mid boundleſs woods.
Then the fierce Arab, that now prowls for prey
O'er ſcorching ſands, ſhall drink the cup of life,
Purg'd in Baptiſmal ſtreams; and every tribe
Of ſavage Indians, in the houſe of prayer
Kneel with meek faith, and ſhew *Thy Kingdom come.*

A

POETICAL ESSAY,

ON THE

ATTRIBUTES

OF

GOD.

PART II.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS,
FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ὁ Πατὴρ ὑμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς ΤΕΛΕΙΟΣ ἐστι.

LONDON,
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M.DCC.LXXI.

ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND PART.

General addreſs to the Deity—1. *On the* UNITY *of God*—*On Polytheiſm*—*On Idolatry*—*inſtanced in the conduct of the Iſraelites*—*The Manichean doctrine of two firſt Principles refuted*—2. *On the* ETERNITY *of God*—*on the deſtruction of the idols, and oracles, in the Heathen world*—3. *On the* OMNIPRESENCE—4. *On the* OMNIPOTENCE *of God*—*extended over the whole creation*—*particularly over Man*—*inſtanced in the deſtruction of Pharoah, and the ſettlement of the Iſraelites in Canaan*—*in the caſe of Nebuchadnezzar*—*God's power exhibited in the Sea*—5. *On the* OMNISCIENCE—6. *On the* WISDOM *of God*—*in the production of various animals*—*in the formation of Man*—*in the faculties of the human mind*—7. *On the* GOODNESS *of God*—*ſhewn in the animal world*—*in the vegetable*—*in the change of ſeaſons*—*in the various products of various countries*—*in providing herbs, &c. for medicine*—8. *On the* VERACITY *of God*—*ſhewn in fulfilling the predictions of his Prophets*—9. *On the* JUSTICE *of God*—*the unequal Diſtribution of Good and Evil an objection to the Juſtice of God*—*that objection anſwered*—*The ſame objection enforced*—*anſwered again, by ſhewing that all theſe inequalities will be adjuſted hereafter*—*exemplified in the ſtory of the Rich Man, and Lazarus*—10. *On the* MERCY *of God*—*the office of Mercy to ſoften the Severity of Juſtice*—*The Redemption of Man undertaken by Chriſt*—*His Mercy in his life*—*and at his death.*

PART

ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND PART.

PART II.

ON THE

ATTRIBUTES

OF

GOD.

GOD *is*, and God is ONE; the firſt, the laſt,
'Immutable, immortal, infinite;'
His wonders who ſhall tell? His hand ſupports
The *golden chain, that links a thouſand worlds.
His undivided eſſence fills the realms
Of Time, and boundleſs Space: His eye ſurveys
Effects far diſtant, ere their cauſes riſe.
His all-pervading mind diſdains the help
Of equal, or inferior: He unmix'd,
Unaided, undirected, uncontroul'd,
Reigns Sovereign o'er his works, and reigns alone.

* Σειρὴν χρυσείην. Hom. Il. viii. 19.

Ere

Ere yet the Sun of Righteouſneſs diſpell'd
The clouds of popular error, not a hill,
But on his ſecret top, nor tufted grove,
But deep within embowering ſhades, enſhrined
A tutelary Power. Fauns hence, and Nymphs,
Oread and Dryad, and that rabble rout,
Pan's ſylvan court: beſides what Deities
Of mightier name, renown'd in ancient Greece,
Or Phrygia, or Etruria's gloomy vales,
Claim'd *general* homage o'er the ſpacious earth.
Where fam'd Alpheüs waſhes Piſa's plain,
Arm'd with his light'ning ſtood Olympian Jove,
Of Gentile Gods ſupreme. The Thracian bow'd
To Mars, ſtern King of War. The vaſt domain
Of waters earth-encircling Neptune held,
His lot; while Pluto, pityleſs Tyrant, ruled
The fleeting ſubjects of his nether world.
O ignorant of truth! One only Power
Rolls his loud thunder thro' the low'ring ſky,
With light'ning wing'd: the ſame dread Lord of Hoſts

Directs the ſpear, and on the warrior's thigh
Girds the ſtrong ſword of conqueſt: roaring winds,
And all the tempeſts of the ſtormy deep,
Obey his voice; and at his vengeful wrath
Fallen Seraphs tremble in the realms of night.
Ah! faithleſs Judah! could'ſt thou then forget
The ſtretch'd-out arm that clave the Red-ſea waves,
That rain'd down Manna on thy wandering ſons,
And led thee thro' the pathleſs wilderneſs
Far from the houſe of bondage? The ſweet land,
That flow'd with milk and honey, nectar'd ſtreams,
Refreſh'd thy weary feet. But oh! what mean
Thoſe ſhouts of diſſonance, and frantic mirth,
Round yon grim idol? See thy daughters bow
To devils! See, thy princes bend the knee
To Moloch, and to Dagon! Soon, too ſoon,
Shall ſad captivity, and a ſtranger's land
Receive thee: ſoon thy harp untuned ſhall hang
By Babylon's proud waters; never more,
Till ſeventy tedious moons have twelve times waned,

To ſing the ſongs of Sion. God ſhall riſe,
And vindicate his name: with jealous eye
He guards his honour uninjur'd; nor will deign
To *ſhare* the ſacrifice of prayer, and praiſe;
For He is O N E; God *ever*, God *alone*.
Yet ſome there are, who think two Principles,
Equal in *power*, in *nature* oppoſite,
Divide the world; Author of *evil* this,
And that of every *good*: that one with froſts,
And noxious mildew blaſts the ripening fruit;
Lets looſe the rage of famine, and of war,
Of tyranny, and wide-waſting peſtilence;
Firm foe to Man, prompts the deſponding mind
To deeds of deſperation; arms with ſteel
The dark aſſaſſin of the midnight hour;
And in the full-ſwoln veſſels of the ſoul
Pours luſt, and rage, and rancorous envy: while
The Rival of his reign with gentle ſhowers
Waters the thirſty ſoil; o'er ravag'd fields
Sends peace, ſends plenty; from contagious miſts

Purges

Purges the winnow'd air; the drooping ſpirit
Revives with Hope's ſtrong cordial; blunts the point
Of the drawn dagger; and diſtills the dew
Of ſoft affection o'er the melting heart.—
But ſhall not this divided kingdom fall?
Shall not the world, by adverſe powers convuls'd,
Shake to the center? Or ſubſiſt its laws
Immutable by everlaſting ſtrife?

O fountain pure, from whoſe original ſtream
To beaſt, to man, and all the angelic hoſt,
Flows life, thy Being inexhauſtible
End, nor beginning bounds. The motley crew
Of idols, Aſhtaroth and Baälim,
Are fled: no more the Syrian damſels weep
Their loſt Adonis; and the frantic maid
No more hears Delphi, central rock, reſound
With oracles obſcure: Dodona's oaks
Are ſilent; and deſerted ſtands the fane,
Where dwelt Ammonian Jove. But Thou art ſtill
The ſame thro' endleſs ages: Earth's ſtrong baſe

Thy hand firſt laid, and ſcoop'd the vault of heaven.
Earth's baſe ſhall ſink, and the high vault of heaven
Shall melt away; yet Thou ſhalt ay endure.

Thro' the vaſt regions of unbounded ſpace,
O'er all thine elements, o'er all thy worlds,
Thine eſſence ſpreads. What tho' the Sinner flee
To foreſt dark, or thickeſt grove, retired
From human ſight? thy never-ſleeping eye
Pierces the gloom, and marks his devious path.
What tho' he curtain round his pillow'd head,
Wrapt in the folds of ſleep? about his couch
Thou art; to Thee the darkneſs and the light
Shine with one blaze, and night is clear as day.
O whither then, ſay whither ſhall he go
From thy pervading preſence? Shall he ſoar
To heaven's high towers? but there enthroned thou ſit'ſt:
Or ſhall he ſink into the deep abyſs,
There, where the roots of earth and ocean grow,
Unfathomable? yet ſtill thy ſpirit broods
O'er hell's dark womb, and fills the vacant gulf.

Great is the Lord. He, nor confin'd by place,
Spirit ætherial, nor by fate controul'd,
Diſplays the glories of OMNIPOTENCE,
The wonders of his might. When from his throne
He darts the forked lightning; when his voice
Speaks in loud thunder to the ſons of earth;
Huge Ocean trembles thro' his world of waves;
The cloud-capt mountains ſmoke; with all her trees,
Cedar, and pine, the lofty foreſt bows.
But Man undaunted ſtands amidſt the ſhock
With vacant, unregarding eye: He fears
Nor rattling elements, nor all the bolts
Of vengeance, tho' ſuſpended, ſoon to fall
With threefold force on his devoted head.
Stop, Pharoah, ſtop. Behold the waves return:
Hark, how the mighty waters round thee roar!
While yon vile ſlaves, ſafe landed on the beach,
Defy thoſe idle threats: the Arabian gulf
Shuts cloſe, and ſwallows thee with all thine hoſt.
Fear not, O Iſrael, fear not: to the land,

Whence Jacob led thy great progenitors
To Goſhen, fruitful ſoil,) ſhalt thou return.
There ſhalt thou find nor famine-blaſted plains,
Nor waters priſon'd in the ſteely rock;
But from each pore the guſhing ſtream ſhall flow
To ſlake thy thirſt; the olive, and the vine,
Shall weave their twiſted foliage round thy head;
And every valley ſing with waving corn.
On, Iſrael, on. Fear not or Eglon's king,
Or Sihon, or the giant form of Og,
Lord of the herds that range o'er Baſan's meads:
Fear not, tho' all the powerful monarchs leagued,
Even from the river (that in Eden flow'd,
Watering the tree of knowledge,) to the ſea,
With waving banners, and confederate ſpears,
Breathe vengeance. 'Tis thy God, that leads thee on:
'Tis He ſhall quell the force of Ammorite,
And proud Philiſtine; He ſhall ſpeak, and ſtrait
The Sun ſhall ſtop to hail thy victory,
While half the nations of the aſtoniſh'd earth

Shall howl in mid-day darkneſs. In the land,
The promis'd land, thy kings ſhall ſheath the ſword,
And all thy ſons, and daughters, reſt in peace.
But what is that, which o'er the ſpacious mead,
(Where Tigris and Euphrates, mingled ſtreams,
Haſte to the Perſian ſea,) moves ſlowly on,
And paſtures ſorrowing on the verdant graſs?
Is that the great Nebuzar? is that He
Who round the towering walls of Babylon
Ten thouſand chariots drove; who to the ſpires
Of ſacred Salem led the embattled hoſt;
Who deſolated Jordan's fertile fields,
And laid God's favour'd temple in the duſt?
Alas, how fallen! Learn hence ye Great, ye Vain,
Learn hence, ye Sovereign Monarchs of the earth,
How impotent your power. The King of kings
Laughs all your pomp to ſcorn, and blaſts the pride
Of viſionary conqueſt; whether thro'
Wide pathleſs woods ye ſeek the intrenched foe,
Or tempt the perils of the roaring deep.

With

With floating pennants, and expanded ſails,
Safe in her port the gallant veſſel rides.
From every ſide the winding coaſt reſounds
With feſtive ſhouts: the creaking anchor's rais'd;
The ſhip no more is ſeen: far, far from ſhore,
Secure 'tis bounding o'er Biſcaya's bay,
Or thro' the ſtraits Herculean. But behold
The ſtorms and winds ariſe, the rains deſcend,
From heaven's wide gate the thunder roars amain;
Where, where is now her ſtrength? ah! what avails
The ſtout oak, harden'd by Norwegian froſts?
What profit now tough cables, towering maſts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war?
'Tis God, that bids his claſhing elements
Confound the pride of Man. See, where the deep
Yawns wide! the ſhip, with all her freighted crew,
Down ſinks, and not a wreck is left behind.

As one, who firſt ſurveys the unbounded main,
Pacific, or Heſperian, ſtretches far
His aching eye to where heaven's concave arch

Bends

Bends to the waves, yet ſtill nor all the expanſe,
Nor depth conceives; ſo labours the weak ſpirit,
That in the bounds of mortal intellect
Strains to compreſs OMNISCIENCE. Who ſhall ſcan
Thy knowledge, wondrous Lord? or how ſhall dwell
That vaſt idea in created mind?
For not an atom heaven, or earth contains,
Not one wing'd word, no thought, yet unconceiv'd,
Is hid from thee. The tongue, the heart is thine;
And in thy book was written every limb
While yet unfaſhion'd in the plaſtic cell.

From the ſmall inſect, that eludes the ſearch
Of microſcopic eye, thro' all the tribes
Of this full-peopled globe, thro' every ſtage
Of ſenſe, of inſtinct, or of intellect,
To Man's imperial race, God's WISDOM ſhines;
But chief in him, the laſt, the nobleſt work.

Yet boaſt not, Man, thy well-compacted frame,
Thy ſymmetry of ſhape, thy graceful limbs;
How, each to each adjuſted, all perform

Their

Their proper functions; boaſt nor ſtrength in fight,
Nor ſwiftneſs in the race. Can'ſt thou o'ertake
The towering eagle in his courſe? or bid
The famiſh'd lion crouch within his den,
Scared by thy lifted arm? 'tis *Mind*, 'tis *Mind*,
That o'er each bird, which cleaves the liquid air,
O'er every beaſt, that ranges wood, or wild,
Exalts thee: there in expreſs characters
Great * Elohim's hand his own bright image drew.

From each fair object to the enthroned Soul,
Like rivers, that with tributary floods
Increaſe old Ocean's ever-flowing ſtream,
The SENSES, faithful miniſters, convey
Their vivid images. The liſtening *ear*
Sounds pleaſing, or of harſher diſſonance,
Leads through her ductile channels to the ſoul.
Hence, if the ſprightly clarion pierce the air,
Rekindling ardour fires the warrior's breaſt,

* In the beginning God [Elohim] created the heaven, and the earth. GEN. I. 1.

Panting

Panting for fields of glory. Down the cheek
Of penſive Pity drops the melting tear,
When the ſoft lute, with plaintive minſtrelſy,
Pours lengthen'd notes of ſorrow. The keen *eye*,
That darts from earth to heaven, each object ſcans,
Hill, vale, or ſhady grove, and on the mind
The juſtly-repreſented landſcape paints
In tints of livelieſt hue. So on the bank
Of ſome clear ſtream the wondering ſhepherd ſtands,
And in the mirrour of the level lake
Sees woods, and lawns, exacteſt portraiture,
Reflected to his view. 'Tis thus the SOUL,
Herſelf unmoved, receives her various ſtores:
Then JUDGMENT with ſlow art, and patient ſkill
Sorts each from each, disjoins, unites, compacts
In juſteſt ſymmetry; while ſportive WIT
With random hand confounds his painful toil;
And ſmiling, to the fancy ſtrait preſents
From grave, and gay, from light, and darkeſt ſhade,
One motley picture. Soon the Mind, o'ercharg'd

With rich ideas, ſeeks a calm repoſe;
And to the MEMORY's faithful care commits
Her ſtill-increaſing treaſures; there for hours,
For years they reſt in ſilence, till drawn forth
By fit occaſion. Hence remembrance dear
Of friends long loſt conſoles the penſive mind:
Hence the ſweet ſcenes of innocence and youth,
Renew'd by recollection, pleaſe again:
Vain elſe were human learning, human art,
Vain all the ties of gratitude, and love.

Far as the flaming walls, Creation's bound,
Beaſts wild, or tame, that o'er the foreſt range,
Or crop the flowery mead; the finny race,
And that Leviathan, who wont to ſport
In oceans of thick ice; the birds, that ſail
O'er the clear azure on expanded wing,
All, all declare thy GOODNESS. Now the grove
Shoots forth luxuriant foliage, and the earth
Flowers of a thouſand dies: 'Tis *Spring*; and ſoon
Swart *Summer*, waving with his ripen'd fruits,

With

With ſhining hook will arm the reaper's hand.
Next *Autumn* comes: He, with impurpled foot
Shall tread the preſs, and from the full-ſwoln grape
Extract delicious juice: 'tis he ſhall ſtain
Each verdant leaf in tints of browneſt hue,
Till boiſterous *Winter* with his giant hand
Shakes the diſmantled foreſt, where each branch
Shines ſpangling to the Sun with hoary froſt.
Each change how regular! By God's command
Alternate ſeaſons mark the varied year.
He, univerſal parent, ſtill ſuſtains
All that his word created: fix'd on him
Is every eye; and from his open'd hand
Flows liberal plenty o'er the Sons of Men.
Not that each ſoil, or in degree, or kind,
Boaſts the ſame produce. Thro' wide fields of rice
Roam the parch'd hinds of India; mantling vines
Spread their ſoft tendrils o'er Burgundian hills.
Sweet is the fragrance which the evening breeze
From orange woods, on Luſitania's ſhore,

Wafts to the Weſtern waves: joyous the ſound
When Britain's labouring ſons have ſtrip'd her fields,
And ſing their harveſt done. 'Tis hence each land
By mutual intercourſe, commercial bond,
The wants of each ſupplies. For tho' nor gold,
Nor diamonds flame beneath the Northern ſky,
Nor trees weep odorous gums, yet think not hence
That God with thrifty hand withholds his ſtores
From half his ſons, and ſcatters o'er the reſt
His partial favours. He, to rouſe the mind
By deeds of bold emprize, gave to each land
Her ſeparate bleſſings. Hence o'er Albion's ſeas
Rides the proud veſſel, fraught with richeſt ſtores
Of Afric, or the new-found Continent.
Even in the wilderneſs his hand has ſpread
A plenteous table; even the ſilent brook,
Mantled with creſſes, to the poor Man yields
At once his beverage ſweet, and wholeſome food.
But not with fruits, and wholeſome food alone,
Sweet to the taſte, and pleaſant to the eye,

Earth's

Earth's lap is fill'd: in ſickneſs, as in health,
O'er all extends God's ſalutary care.
With toilſome ſtep the peaſant climbs the brow
Of ſome tall mountain: there with ſkilful hand
Culls every herb, each plant of healing power,
Steep'd in the morning dew. Where the higheſt ſun
Darts beams direct on Lima's ſilver mines,
The ſcorch'd Peruvian from the bleeding tree
Strips medicinal bark, and o'er the wave
Sends health, ſends vigour, to the diſtant ſons
Of Britain, Queen of Waters. From the cave
Of hollow rock, from earth's all-teeming womb,
Burſts in full tide the life-diſpenſing ſtream,
Sulphureous, or Chalybeate. Strait the bloom
Of roſy health o'erſpreads the bluſhing cheek;
Strait the wan virgin, that thro' many a year
Had pined with ſlow decay, again revives
To ſcenes of ſportive mirth, and tales of love.
Hear, hear, O Heaven, and thou, O Earth, give ear,

'Tis

'Tis God that ſpeaks. 'Yet once more will I ſhake
The Land, the Sea, the Nations.' Thus proclaims
The eternal King: O tremble at his voice,
Created Worlds; his T R U T H ſhall never fail.
By Him inſpired the Seer ſurvey'd the womb
Of dark futurity: before his eye
Roſe fated ſons of glory; on his ſoul
Preſs'd ages yet to come. The gaping croud
Stood round, and liſten'd to the ecſtatic ſtrains
In blank aſtoniſhment: but ripening Time
Matured each act, and gradually diſplay'd
Scenes long foretold. Thus fell proud Babylon,
Thy ſcourge, O captive Iſrael; thus the walls
Of ſea-girt Sidon; thus Phœnician Tyre;
Thus within Solyma's devoted gates
Were heard dire ſhrieks of horror: round her trench
Hover'd the Latian eagle; in her walls
Raged fell ſedition. Famine urged to deeds
Of frantic violence: till, her temple fallen,
Her warriors ſlain, compleated all her woes,

In

In the ſad hour of each predicted curſe
Sion, the pride of Cities, Sion fell.

Fix'd is God's throne on the adamantine baſe
Of JUSTICE: in his hand is pois'd the ſcale
That weighs his creatures, and to each awards
What each deſerves. Whence then the different lot
Of Man and Man?—Scorch'd by the ſummer's heat
The panting peaſant toils the tedious day,
Till, ſhadows length'ning from the mountain's brow,
His turf-built cot receives him: there he tears
From the reluctant ground his ſlender fare,
And drinks the ſtagnate waters of the pool.
Then on his couch of ſtraw he ſleeps till morn,
And riſes to his labour: Near him ſtands,
Emboſom'd in yon wood of tufted trees
The palace of his tyrant Lord: for him
A thouſand courſers neigh; o'er paſtures rich
The milk-white heifers bound; the menial train
Obſerve his nod, and wait his high command.
Yet look once more; that peaſant, hungry, poor,

Who

Who ſows, who reaps, yet taſtes not of the fruit,
With conſcience light, and ſpirits ever gay,
Hies whiſtling o'er the woodlands: Courſe his meal;
But Nature aſks not better: hard his bed;
But ſound his ſlumbers: while his pamper'd Lord
Sleeps not, tho' ſtretch'd on cygnets' down. Remorſe
Drives in his mangled ſpirit her hooks of ſteel,
And each forc'd ſmile is clouded with deſpair.
Yet ſome there are, whoſe unrelenting ſouls
The ſtings of conſcience wound not: On they go
Thro' life's gay flowery path, nor heave one ſigh,
The tribute to their own, or others' woe.
Secure they riot in the pride of health,
And bathe in Golden ſtreams. Such once was He,
To fate whoſe palate Ocean pour'd his ſtores,
And Earth unlock'd her caves: in thankleſs eaſe
He lived, he died; nor lifted once a prayer
To Him, the Giver of all. With upcaſt eyes
And folded hands, ſtill patient tho' in pain,
Faſt by the barr'd inhoſpitable gate

Sat pining Lazarus; he ſat, and aſk'd
In the meek tone of modeſt poverty,
The humble pittance of ſome broken meal,
The refuſe of his board, but aſk'd in vain.
Nor all his piercing cries, nor bleeding wounds,
Nor famine, ſtaring thro' his haggard eyes,
Could melt the ſpirit of obdurate pride;
He died unpitied. Where was JUSTICE then?
Slept ſhe? or did the ſcabbard hide her ſword,
Canker'd with ruſt? Yet, Sceptic, pauſe awhile;
Arraign not Heaven's decrees; the ſcene is chang'd.
See'ſt thou that horrid dungeon drear, and dark,
Whence peſtilential vapours taint the air,
And livid flames aſcend? See, there he lies,
Writhing in agonies, and parch'd with fire;
See there he lies, that rudely from his gate
Puſh'd the poor pathleſs wanderer. He the while
Wafted to realms of bliſs on Angel's wing
Looks down, and drops a tear. Yea, mighty Lord,
Juſt are thy works, and *righteous* all thy ways.

The day will come, when each ſhall meet his doom:
But who ſhall ſtand its coming? Virtue's ſelf
Shall ſhrink appall'd, and tremble at the frown
Of all-conſuming *Juſtice*. Still remains
The laſt, the only refuge. Near the throne
Of God ſtands MERCY. She on bended knee,
With outſtretch'd hand, averts the vengeful ſword
Of Juſtice, rais'd to ſtrike. The King of Heaven
Beholds her, and approves. He bids her riſe;
Wipes from her eye the ſympathetic tear,
And owns her powerful influence. Soft the dew
That evening ſheds on Hermon, favour'd hill;
Soft are the ſtrains, when Pity ſooths Deſpair;
Yet ſofter, Lord, thy *mercy*. But in vain;
Stern *Juſtice* claims her due: the word was paſt
Irrevocable: the high beheſt was given:
Man fell, and Man muſt ſuffer. Who, oh! who
Shall interpoſe? What ſacrifice ſhall bleed?
For Sin ſo foul what victim ſhall atone?

If

If none, then all is loſt.

'On me, on me,'

Exclaim'd the Son of God, 'on me alone

'Let all thy wrath be pour'd: theirs was the offence,

'Be mine the puniſhment.' He ſpake, and left

* The golden City's hyacinthine walls;

And thro' the middle of the Eaſtern gates,

Hewn from one ſolid emerald, as he paſs'd,

The Angel bow'd obeiſance. Earth receiv'd

Her gracious viſitant. By Him ſubdued

Legions of ſpirits accurs'd their mangled prey

Reluctant quitted, and with horrid yell

Howl'd hideous: touch'd by Him the palſied hand,

Long wither'd, felt his genial warmth return,

Circling thro' every vein. He ſpake, and ſtrait

From the thick film was purg'd the viſual ray.

Aw'd by his potent word the grave op'd wide

His marble jaws, and yielded back to life

* Rev. xxi.

His

His putrid dead. But what could all avail?
Inſulted, ſcorn'd, betray'd by thoſe he lov'd,
He fell. Yet bleeding on the accurſed tree,
While the laſt breath hung quivering on his lips,
His *Mercy* ſtill endured. Towards Heaven he caſt
The laſt faint glances of his cloſing eye,
Forgive them, O forgive—He bow'd, and died.

A

POETICAL ESSAY,

ON THE

PROVIDENCE

OF

G O D.

PART III.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS,
FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἀλληλουϊά· ὅτι ΕΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΕ Κύριος ὁ Θεὸς ὁ παντοκράτωρ.

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LONDON

A

POEM

ON

PROVIDENCE

AND

A POEM

ON

PATIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS.

PART III.

LONDON

ARGUMENT

OF THE THIRD PART.

Epicurus denies the Providence of God in the government of the world.—The opinion of ſome other ancient Philoſophers on that ſubject.—The Providence of God proved, 1ſt, from the regular motion of the heavenly bodies—the fatal conſequence of any change in that ſyſtem—2dly, from the Atmoſphere—3dly, from the revival of every thing after Winter—preceded by a deſcription of Winter.—The impoſſibility of vegetation, &c. being reſtored by Chance—4thly, from the propagation of animals, exemplified in birds, beaſts, inſects.—The Calamities, to which the human race is expoſed, would be deſtructive of the ſpecies, without the intervention of Providence—inſtanced in diſeaſes—Peſtilence—Famine—War—which introduces the 5th proof of God's Providence in repairing this havock—by the propagation—by the preſervation of Man.—The conſideration of God's preſerving Providence, matter of comfort to Men under the ſevereſt afflictions.

—*Impoſſible to judge of the whole ſcheme of God's* moral *Providence from a partial view of it.—The Conqueſts of the Romans an inſtance of God's Providence, who made uſe of them as an inſtrument, to prepare Mankind for the reception of Chriſtianity.—The Gift of Tongues—the Propagation of the Goſpel—the declenſion of it, where it formerly flouriſhed—parts of God's plan of Government.—A* particular *Providence aſſerted—exhibited in a more viſible manner in the preſervation of Empires—in none more than that of Britain.*

PART

PART III.

ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

'DEEP in the Olympian vales, and far retired
'From mortal, or immortal, where the voice
'Of prayer is never heard, nor rolls one cloud
'Of fragrant incenſe, ſits the placid God,
'Or ſtretch'd on Amaranthine beds, diſſolves
'In peaceful ſlumber; there, if haply rous'd
'By roaring whirlwind, or the thunder's peal,
'Wakes to ambroſial banquets, quaffs the bowl
'Of nectar, beverage ſweet, preſs'd from the fruit
'Of thoſe unfading trees, that mantle round

'Heaven's

'Heaven's ſloping hills, then ſinks to reſt again,
'Wrapt in the folds of ſleep: For ſleep is eaſe;
'And eaſe is happineſs. To wing the ſtorm,
'To point the bolt of vengeance, ſtill to ſit
'With vigilant eye, leſt fraud, or force aſſail,
'Is this the taſk of Gods? are theſe the joys
'Which death ſhall never end? then happier they,
'Heirs of an hour, who fall to riſe no more.'

Thus ſpake the Athenian; he who taught, that Chance,
Scattering her random atoms thro' the void,
Compos'd this wond'rous *Whole*. Vain Sage! can Gods
Delight in apathy, or ſenſual bliſs,
Contented even *to be?* O happier far,
O far more glorious, o'er the ſons of earth,
O'er all the tenants of a thouſand worlds
To pour forth bleſſings; to create, preſerve,
To govern with impartial ſway; to check
With deſerv'd chaſtiſement the lawleſs acts
Of Violence, of Oppreſſion; and to wreathe

Bright

Bright flaming crowns of * vegetable gold,
The guerdon fair of Virtue's patient toil!
Canſt thou, convinc'd that Deities *exiſt*,
Canſt thou deny their *Providence*? Go then,
Aſk the † Mileſian, if the darkeſt deed
That ever Night wrapt in her ſable veil;
Aſk, if the dawning of the ſimpleſt thought,
Eſcape that Ancient of eternal days,
The ‡ *unbegotten* God? Aſk of the Sage,
On whoſe ſoft lips Hymettian bees diſtill'd
Their choiceſt honey, if that ſubtle Spirit,
Which animates the ‖ *living* Univerſe,
§ Neglect the race of man? Go to the Porch,
Enquire of Zeno's ſons, whether that globe,

* Ἄνθεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει
Ἀπ' ἀγλαῶν δενδρέων —— PIND. Olymp. 2.

† THALES. ——Ἠρώτησέ τις αὐτον, εἰ λήθοι θεὸς ἄνθρωπον ἀδικῶν; ἀλλ' οὐδὲ διανοούμενον, ἔφη. DIOG. LAERT. in Vit. Thal.

‡ ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΑΤΟΝ τῶν ὄντων Θεός· ΑΓΕΝΝΗΤΟΝ γάρ. IBID.

‖ Κόσμον —— ΕΜΨΥΧΟΝ εἶναι.

§ Οἴεται δὲ καὶ θεοὺς ἐφορᾶν τὰ ἀνθρώπινα. DIOG. LAERT. in Vit. Platonis.

Which,

Which, all its moiſture loſt, * ſhall blaze with fire,
Rolls thro' the circumambient † Void, as blows
Some caſual blaſt, or hears that ‡ plaſtic Mind
Which made, which moves, which rules the ‖ united frame?
There are, who ſay, that *natural cauſes* act
By *general* laws; that he, who form'd this *whole*,
Stamp'd matter inert with ſuch inherent powers,
That tho' in *eſſence* paſſive, yet impell'd
By this original force, it ſtill moves on
Unalter'd, unimpair'd: that not a cloud
Sails o'er the blue ſerene, that not a flaſh
Burſts from the cleft horizon, but receiv'd
Its ſpecial mandate, ere bright Heſper rear'd
His evening torch, or ſpheres began to roll.

* ——— fore ut ad extremum omnis mundus igneſcat, cum, humore conſumpto, neque terra ali poſſit, &c. CICERO de Nat. Deor. 2.

† Ἔξωθεν δὲ κόσμος περικεχυμένον τὸν ΚΕΝΟΝ ἄπειρον.
DIOG. LAERT. in Vitâ Zenonis.

‡ Mundum——habere *mentem*, quæ et ſe, et ipſum fabricata ſit, et omnia moderetur, moveat, regat, &c. CIC. Ac. 2.

‖ Ἐν δὲ τῷ κόσμῳ μηδὲν εἶναι κενόν· ἀλλ' ΗΝΩΣΘΑΙ αὐτον.
DIOG. LAERT. in Zenon.

There

There are again, who think that every wheel
Whoſe motion ſpeeds thro' ſpace this vaſt machine,
Is ſtill adjuſted, as occaſion calls,
By God's directing hand.—His care appears
Alike conſpicuous, whether from the firſt
He framed this *All*, that not a part ſhould need
His interpoſing power; or whether yet
Orb within orb he guards, leſt haply one,
Lawleſs may deviate from its proper path,
Extravagant. Then fatal were the ſhock
Of diſuniting elements; the world,
Tho' now faſt bound by Gravitation's chain,
Would burſt, and Anarchy again return.

Behold yon Sun, thron'd in meridian height,
Fountain of fire, round which ſix wandering ſtars
For ever roll, and eager to approach
With force centripetal, due diſtance keep,
By adverſe force reſtrain'd: quench but that light,
And univerſal darkneſs ſhall involve
Creation's wide domain. Tho' now their times,

Their rounds ordain'd thoſe planets all abſolve,
Check, or accelerate their ſpeed, the Sun
Will ſteep them in a lake of liquid fire,
Or madly they will ſtray exorbitate
Beyond the zone of Saturn. Ill, O Earth,
Ill would it fare with thee: thy fruits, thy flowers,
And all that vegetates, and all that lives,
One petrifying blaſt would ſmite to the root,
And ſeas, that roll beneath ſolſtitial heat,
Freeze to their center. See'ſt thou near the Bear,
Or in the Galaxy, faſt by the crown
Of Cepheus, ſcepter'd king, with ſtreaming light,
That ſweeps meteorous half the ſpace of heaven,
Yon roving comet? let him ſhoot tranſverſe,
Thwarting the Ecliptic, where the convex globe
Rolls in her annual courſe, earth, air, and ſeas
Will blaze in dire combuſtion: Is it Chance
That curbs his ſpeed, and tells him where to roll?
O, no; the expanſe of heaven God's praiſe proclaims,
The firmament his power: day tells to day,

And night to night, his providential care.

Above, around, the ambient air is ſpread,
Denſe, or of rarer texture: thro' each pore
The elaſtic fluid wins his eaſy way,
Inviſible: change but the incumbent weight,
Expand it, or compreſs it, leſs, or more,
What then, or who ſhall breathe? Behold the Moon;
Nor cloud, nor rain, her atmoſphere deforms;
Nor miſty fog, ſave ſuch as nightly riſe
From this dank globe, obſcure from mortal eye
Her vales, and lofty mountains. Give but earth
That uniform ſerene, and all that moves
Shall ſink annihilate. Exhalations riſe,
Nor dewy vapours hover round in vain;
Hence life to beaſt, to man: 'tis God commands,
And ſtorms, and raging winds, his word obey.

Stern winter chills the world. From ſnow-top'd hills,
Hæmo, and Rhodopè, the ſharp North blows,
And drives the naked Thracian to his cave.
Or from thoſe rocks of thick-rib'd ice, where roams

The ſhivering Savoyard, with intenſer cold
Sweeps o'er Grenoble's champain to the ſtreams
Of Iſere, and the Rhone. Now to his ſledge,
Where Lapland confines on the Chronian main,
The blighted native yokes his rein-deers; they
O'er many a league of ſnow run panting on
From Kola to Warſuga. To the wind
The crackling foreſt roars: the leafleſs elm
Spreads o'er the frozen ſtream her bare broad arms;
And that tall oak, which on the mountain's brow
Three hundred ſummers ſtood, beneath whoſe ſhade
Fathers, and ſons, had led the ruſtic dance,
Falls ponderous down the riven precipice,
Uptorn. Returning from the Bothnian gulph
The ſailor in the horizon's utmoſt verge
Oft ſpied her top rejoicing; on the helm,
'Britain,' the pilot with loud ſhout exclaim'd,
And, 'Britain,' all the exulting crew replied.
Shall Nature's chearful face no more be ſeen?
Shall froſt eternal bind the barren earth,

And mock the toil of man? or ſhall blind Chance
Call from the teeming ſoil, fruit, herb, and all
Her vegetable ſtores? The putrid clod
Now ſoftens by mild Zephyr's tepid breath,
And down from hoary hills the melted ſnow
Falls in far-ſounding cataracts. The blade
Shoots thro' the looſen'd glebe: on the ſoft green,
Aching from deſolation's ravag'd ſcenes,
The wearied eye repoſes. O'er the main,
Lured by the genial breeze, the feather'd tribe,
That fled for ſhelter to a milder ſky,
Return ſpontaneous. Now thro' every grove
They chaunt their nuptial ſong, and in the depth
Of ſome cloſe-tangled brake, or on the ſide
Of coving cornice, or beneath the tile,
Safe from the dropping eaves, ſuſpend their neſt,
Ingenious artiſts. Could the dainty hand
Of her, inventreſs of mechanic powers,
Minerva, or Cecropian Pallas nam'd,
Vie with theſe heav'n-taught architects? With wool,

And

And twiſted hair, ſome line their downy beds,
And weave their walls with moſs: others with clay,
More hardy, pave the floor, and fence the ſides
With platted twigs; while birds of ſmaller wing
Arch o'er their heads a pendant roof, to ſave
Their unfledg'd brood, which ill could bear the damp
Of April's chilling ſhowers. Theſe all obey
God's firſt command, *Increaſe and multiply*;
Theſe for their new-hatch'd offspring, or from plain,
Or pathleſs wood, or from the ſedgy ſide
Of ſtagnate pool, ſelect their ſlimy food:
All but the * Oſtrich: ſhe, poor thoughtleſs bird,
Leaves her neglected eggs, nor recks it her
Tho' ſome deep-laden camel, or the foot
Of caſual pilgrim cruſh them. Yet even theſe
Not unregarded lie: the genial ſun
With rays prolific warms them, till the birds
Burſt from their ſhell, and ſoon outſtrip the courſe
Of ſwifteſt Arab on his fiery ſteed.

* Job xxxix. 14.

Behold

Behold the ſwarms that wing the liquid air,
Or people the green mead! The niggard ant,
Sagacious inſect; the ſlow-creeping ſnail,
That bears her ponderous houſe from bough to bough,
The loyal bee, the ſpider, that beneath
Some lonely rafter weaves her fine-ſpun woof,
And millions more, that in this ample world
Unnotic'd and unnamed claims each his place,
God's general plan fulfil. By him impell'd
They propagate their ſtock; by his command
They drive each bold invader from their young,
Arm'd with new courage by parental fear.

But who, O Man, who ſhall preſerve thy kind?
From Plague, from Famine, from the avenging Sword,
What ſhall protect thy race? Shall active Chance
Repair the breaches of devouring war?
Shall Chance ſupply freſh ſtores to propagate
Succeſſive generations?—With the feaſt,
Where riots jocund youth, Intemperance
Mixes his lurking poiſon. In the blood,

Till waken'd by maturing Time, the ſeeds
Of many a miſchief ſleep; and from the ſire,
With life imparted, to the ſon deſcend,
Fatal inheritance! joint-racking Gout,
Conſumption, cankering on the virgin's cheek,
And moping Melancholy, and frantic Rage,
That ſpurns controuling reaſon: and what elſe
From accident on flood, or tented field,
Severs the mangled limbs. But who ſhall count
The corſes, reeking to the putrid air,
When born on Auſter's wing the Peſtilence
Viſits afflicted nations? Such as once
When the deſtroying Angel ſmote the tribes
Of humbled Iſraël, what time Jeſſe's ſon
From Aſcalon to Gilead, from the mount
Of northern Lebanon to the Aſphaltic lake,
Number'd his populous hoſts. Such too the ſcene,
When Lacedæmon pour'd her hardy troops
O'er mourning Attica. Such in thy ſtreets,
Auguſta, Britain's pride, the ſhrieks of woe,

When thy dead citizens ſtrew'd every path,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap: the famiſh'd hounds
Bark'd diſtant; and the hungry birds of prey
Fled ſcreaming to the woods for purer air.

Nor theſe alone the dangers, that beſet
The mortal pilgrim, wandering thro' the vale
Of tears, and pain, and ſorrow, yet upheld
By that inviſible hand, which ſtill ſupports
Man's feeble race, and from extinction ſaves
His undiminiſh'd progeny: for ſee
The fruits are blaſted in their bud; the boughs
Droop with their ſickly leaves; the barren earth,
Impenetrable by ſun, or ſofteſt ſhower,
Hoards all her ſtores: as when the Ægyptian dearth,
Reveal'd by two prophetic viſions, ſpread
To Beërſheba from the land of Nile,
And the great Patriarch, with all his tribes,
Settled in Rameſes. Nor leſs the grief,
When by the brook of Cherith ravens fed
The wandering Seer, till in Sarepta's walls

He found the cruiſe of never-waſting oil,
Shelter'd beneath the hoſpitable roof
Of that Sidonian, who for his repaſt
Pour'd forth with liberal hand her ſcanty ſtores.

But who, oh who, ſhall the dread landſcape paint
Of deſolation, when the lawleſs ſons
Of war come pouring o'er the cultur'd plains,
Tartar, or Coſſac, and in one ſhort hour
Confound the toil of ages? Now the din
Of claſhing armour, helm and plated mail,
Is heard no more; but engines fraught with fire
Sweep o'er the field whole legions! * Now, even now,
From North to South, to Marmora's white cliffs
Convuls'd Europa from the Baltic ſhakes
Thro' all her kingdoms. In the crouded ſtreets
Of ſad Byzantium to each moſque repairs
The turban'd multitude, and every dome
Re-ecchoes 'Allah, Allah!' Now prepares
The vengeful Spaniard yet again to rouſe

* Written in November 1770.

The

The ſleeping rage of Britain, and renew
War's bloody buſineſs. But, great Lord of Hoſts,
And thou, O bleſſed Meſſenger of Peace,
Knap every ſpear in twain, and fill their ſouls
With mild benevolence, and ſocial love!

He, mighty God, whoſe providential eye
Looks down upon the meaneſt of his works,
'Midſt every natural, every moral ill,
Preſerves the human race. He ſows the ſeeds
Of Charity, that melts the obdurate ſoul;
He draws by ſecret cords the ductile heart
Of ſex to ſex. When now the purple glow
Spreads o'er the virgin's cheek, for ſome ſoft youth
She ſighs in ſecret; all the tender names
Of mother, and of ſiſter, pleaſe no more:
On him her hopes are fix'd; with him ſhe longs
To travel hand in hand down life's ſteep vale,
And ſhare with him health, ſickneſs, bliſs, or woe.
O happy they, whom tendereſt love unites
In bonds connubial, where each thought is ſpelt,

Each wiſh prevented, and each glance explain'd!
But lawleſs Luſt has quench'd the nuptial torch
In Diſcord's bitter ſtreams. The impatient Dame
Beholds her Lord with alienated eye,
Smiles at the ſcoffs of fame, and quits her houſe,
Her babes, without a bluſh, without a tear.

But what avails to propagate the race,
If none preſerve? Say, can the new-born child
By reaſon, or by ſtrength, direct his way,
While weak the tottering body, while the mind
With not a character engrav'd, preſents
One univerſal blank? Yet then thy hand,
Great God, ſupports his ſteps, and guides his feet.
Vain elſe were human ſkill; vain all the care
Of the fond mother, who with downcaſt eye,
And ſmiles of tendereſt love, bends o'er her babe,
Whiſpering low ſtrains that lull to ſoft repoſe.

Thus He who made, preſerves: the common Sire
Of all, for all provides. What tho' the fig
Fall unconcocted from the blaſted bough,

Tho' ſwelt'ring Sirius ſcatter thro' the land
Diſeaſe, and rank contagion; tho' the din
Of war ring dreadful on the clanging ſhield,
Still thou rejoice, O Man: thy Maker *reigns*.
And yet, myſterious are the ways of Heaven;
God's counſels dark. He, thro' a regular maze
Of cauſes, all connected, tho' unſeen,
Conducts each great event. From age to age
By ſlow gradation imperceptible
It ſtill advances; till arrived at laſt
To full perfection, it diſplays the depth
Of that unfathom'd Wiſdom, which contriv'd,
That Providence, which, watching every ſtep,
Finiſh'd the wond'rous plan. The Sons of men,
Whoſe puny generations paſs away
In quick ſucceſſion, and fill up the time
'Twixt the commencement, and the accompliſh'd end,
See but one link of that ſtupendous chain,
And wonder what ſupports it; but at length,
The whole compleat, each well-adapted part,

Each

Each nice dependence, each connection juſt,
Appears in full proportion, and broad light.
What means Quirinus? Shall thoſe lowly huts
Change to imperial towers? Thoſe vagrant clans,
The ſhame, the refuſe, of each nation round,
To conquerors of the world? Vain thought! and yet
So wills the King Supreme. The Gabian yields,
The Tuſcan falls, the Sabine joins his powers,
And even from Arno to Tarento's gulph
All Italy obeys. Yet what avails?
Beyond the confines of the middle ſea
Nations remain unconquer'd. Spread the ſails;
Stretch to the Libyan ſhore; great Carthage there,
Skill'd in commercial arts, and bold in war,
Defies thy threats; great Carthage falls. And now
The towering Eagle o'er Numidia's ſands,
O'er Ægypt's fertile fields, o'er Perſia's ſea,
To Indus, and to Ganges bends his flight.
Thence, to North-Weſt, thro' Edom's palmy groves,
He circles all the Levant coaſt, and o'er

The Ægean waves, from leſſer Aſia's hills,
O'er Greece, o'er Thrace, and humbled Macedon,
Directs his airy path, and, as he flies,
Bids every vanquiſh'd nation bend the knee
To Rome's majeſtic tyrant. Science too
Darted her bright beams on the Latian towers,
And with ſoft manners humanized the ſoul.
'Twas hence to many a ſavage lawleſs horde
The generous conqueror gave the refin'd arts
Of ſocial life, and taught them what the rights
Of civil polity, the charities
Of ſweet domeſtic union. Thus compact
In one great empire, bound by every tie
Of fear, of love, of mutual intereſt,
The Kingdoms bow'd to Rome. But whence, O whence,
This grandeur, ſuch as ne'er before was known
In Babylon, or Nineveh's proud walls,
Names fam'd of old? Say, were theſe mighty deeds,
Unparallel'd even in romantic tale,
The genuine fruits of more than mortal ſtrength?

Or was it He, the Capitolian Jove,
To whom thine incenſe ſmoked, that bound thy ſpear
With Victory's green palm, and bade thee lead
Reluctant monarchs up the ſacred hill,
To grace thy pompous triumph? Roman, no;
That idol, which thy ſuperſtitious ſoul
Fear'd and adored; that idol, which thine hand
Hew'd from rough ſtone, or caſt in fuſile gold,
Had ears, but heard not: nor could all thy force
Have rear'd that column of imperial power,
But that the God, who moulds the ductile heart,
And ſways man's will, to his own glory turn'd
Thy pride, thy martial rage: He choſe thee out,
An inſtrument moſt apt, to execute
His gracious purpoſe, and with all thy ſtates,
With all thy tributary thrones, receive
The meſſenger divine of peace and love.

He came; the wond'rous ſtory ſoon was known
In every nation, and in every clime,
Where Rome had rais'd her banner.—Hark! what means

That

That roaring ſound ? Was it a Northern blaſt
Ruſhing impetuous from his ſeven-mouth'd cave ?
No ; 'twas the Spirit ſpake ; it was the voice
Of inſpiration. There the faithful ſat,
Waiting their promiſed Comforter ; when each
Unpractis'd in a foreign phraſe, at once
Spake every language ; nor in accent ſtrange,
And dialect uncouth, as one who firſt
Holds painful converſe in a ſtranger's land,
But in peculiar diction, and ſweet tones
Harmonious. In mute ſilence ſtood the croud,
And marvell'd what it meant ; Arabians, Cretes,
Phrygians, and Elamites, and they who ſpread
From Tigris to Euphrates, and the ſlaves
Of Cappadocia, Lydians, Parthians, Medes,
And tenants of Cyrene, torrid ſoil.
' Are theſe', ſaid they, and on each other gaz'd
In awful admiration, ' theſe the words
' Of rude, unletter'd peaſants ? are theſe they,
' The pilots of the Galilean lake,
' Who plied their humble craft, and bent their oar,

'Undiſciplin'd in ſcience? does the art
'Of potent magic, of Theſſalian ſpells,
'Cheat our deluded ſenſe with fancied ſounds?
'Or has new wine inſpired their ſpecious tongues
'With random oratory? It is not art
'Cheats our deluded ſenſe with fancied ſounds;
'Nor is it wine inſpires: for ſcarce three hours
'Have paſs'd, ſince firſt the morn with orient light
'Dawn'd o'er yon hill of Olives; and the voice
'Of ſober reaſon, of perſuaſive truth,
'Pierc'd our relenting hearts. Ye holy men,
'Yes, we confeſs that Jeſus roſe again,
'That your Meſſiah reigns Ye holy men,
'Lead us, O lead us, to ſome hallow'd fount,
'And in baptiſmal water purge our ſouls,
'Till we be pure as ye.' They ſpake, they bow'd
With lowlieſt reverence, and to diſtant climes
Proclaim'd the wond'rous tale; while Antioch ſaw
The faithful Patriarch of the riſing ſect
Unite his votaries in their Maſter's name.

But oh the change! Tell, gracious Governour,

Tell,

Tell, for thy ways are hid from men, and all
Thy counſels, like thy throne, immoveable,
Are wrapt in clouds and darkneſs, why, where once
Repenting nations at the feaſt of love
Sat, and remember'd their departed Lord,
Reigns Mecca's bold impoſtor? In thoſe ſtreets,
Whence the great Conſtantine with holy zeal
Drove Rome's barbaric idols, Chriſtian, tread
With cautious ſtep; elſe ſavage hiſſes rude,
And taunts malicious ſhall profane the name
Of him, thy bleſt Redeemer. Syria weeps
To ſee the creſcent ſtreaming thro' her vales;
And Abana, tranſparent flood, that waſh'd
Full many a convert, rolls her mournful tide,
Lamenting the ſad change. Even from the verge
Of that bleſt monument, where lay the bones
Of his ſepulcher'd Lord, the Saracen
With cruel rage, and ſcorn indignant, drove
The way-worn pilgrim. Then, oh then, in vain
Fought lion-hearted England, and France ſpread
His ſocial ſails: in vain ſtout Godfrey rear'd

His

His banner, while ten thouſand croſſes blazed
Thro' all the faithful ſquadrons: Still prevail'd
The inſulting Infidel.—And yet the day
Shall come, when every nation of the earth
Shall bend with reverence at their Saviour's name.
That day knows no man: He alone can tell,
Who, with wiſe providence, and ſovereign ſway,
Conducts, controuls, accelerates, delays,
Events, conceal'd from mortals; He alone,
Who bade four thouſand ſummers roll, or ere
He ſent his Son, tho' promis'd long before
Even to the Sire of Men, when to bleak ſcenes
He led his weeping tempter, doom'd to toil,
Nor dar'd look back on Eden's blooming bowers.

There are, who own that o'er the *general* plan
The firſt great Architect, intent to guard
His favourite works, yet watches, but diſdains
The *partial* care of each. Mark then the event:
Of *Individuals Generals* are compoſed;
If one exiſts, unnotic'd by the eye
Of heaven, why not another? why not all?—

In that vaſt volume, where recorded lie
Creation's acts, in faireſt characters
Is regiſter'd whate'er was made: nor bone,
Nor vein, nor branching ſinew, but is rang'd
In order due: nor hair, nor colour'd plume,
Nor inſect's painted wing, but in its page
Is claſs'd, and claims protection from its God.
And ſhall not He, who numbers all his ſtars,
Who counts each ſand, and every wave that rolls,
Explore the human heart? The Lord of *All*
Is Lord of *every one*; his hand is ſtretch'd
O'er *each*; *each* feels his providential care.
But chief o'er States his tutelary power
Extends. Some ſink, an unreſiſting prey
To deſpicable conquerors; others ſtand,
Tho' human ſkill, and mortal ſuccours fail,
Safe 'gainſt united legions. Thus fell Rome;
To reſcued freedom thus Batavia rais'd
Seven ſocial altars; thus Britannia ſits,
Thron'd like a ſcepter'd Sovereign, in the midſt
Of tributary ſeas. Thou, gracious Lord,

Full oft haſt ſaved her from the invader's arm,
From anarchy's wild uproar, from the chain
Of galling ſervitude. Thou, when the land,
By civil diſcord torn, ſaw half her ſons
Lie welt'ring in their blood, her nobles ſlain,
Her monarch in the duſt, thou didſt remove,
Safe from the uſurper's arm, the ſhelter'd branch
Of blaſted royalty, and in due time
Tranſplant it to the hereditary throne,
When tyranny, and democratic rage
Yielded to peace, and order. Thou, when zeal,
And frantic bigotry untied the bonds
Of plighted faith, and from his forfeit crown
Exil'd her Sovereign, on the vacant ſeat
Didſt place that Guardian Monarch, who ſecured,
Safe from each inroad of deſpotic ſway,
Her fair inheritance. O may'ſt thou ſtill
Protect this iſle! Pour all thy bleſſings down
On HIM, THY PEOPLE's SHEPHERD! O defend
Our Laws, the wiſdom of a thouſand years!
Preſerve thine altars; let that holy flame,

Fed by the blood of many a martyr'd Saint,
Blaze with unclouded luſtre. Long the yoke
Had gall'd our fathers; from his awful chair,
Fenc'd by an hoſt of Monks, and bearded Friars,
The Pontiff fulmin'd o'er the proſtrate world,
Infallible; nor ceas'd, till all the rights
Of civil, of religious freedom, bow'd
To venal diſpenſation. Then aroſe
The unbending ſpirit of Luther. He alike
Diſdain'd the Papal, and Imperial threats,
And to his wondering votaries firſt diſplay'd
Thoſe ſacred treaſures, long, too long conceal'd,
The Covenants of Salvation. Albion ſaw
The glorious ſtruggle of Germania's Sons,
And caught the ſacred fire. Ah! bloody Queen,
Ah! Woman, that, with unaverted eye,
Could'ſt view the flames wrap round the ſeething fleſh
Of Age, and Innocence, let me not write
Thy name, nor blot my chaſte page with a curſe
Call'd on thy gloomy Spaniard! Drag'd, ſad ſcene!
Drag'd by his hoary hair, old Latimer

Embraced the fire; while Ridley, by his ſide,
Conſoled the venerable Sage, and fell
Exulting, tho' in pain. Confin'd in ſmoke
The ſullen flame conſum'd by ſlow delay
Meek, patient Hooper; while, with ſteady look,
Undaunted Cranmer o'er the fatal pile
Stretch'd his apoſtate hand.—Ye murder'd Saints,
Once faithful feeders of your Maſter's flock,
But now the ſeal'd of God, your race is run,
Great is your meed in heaven. Yet oh! look down,
Nor ſpurn the praiſe of men, from whoſe freed ſouls
Ye ſhook Rome's galling ſhackle. Oft to you
Poſterity ſhall raiſe the choral hymn;
Still ſhall your acts ſurvive, ye faithful band,
In Memory's grateful records. For the ſea
Shall ſooner round their ramparts ceaſe to roar,
Sooner their iſle ſhall in the Southern main
Fix her deep roots, than Britons e'er forget
That faith, thoſe rights, for which their fathers bled.

F I N I S.

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